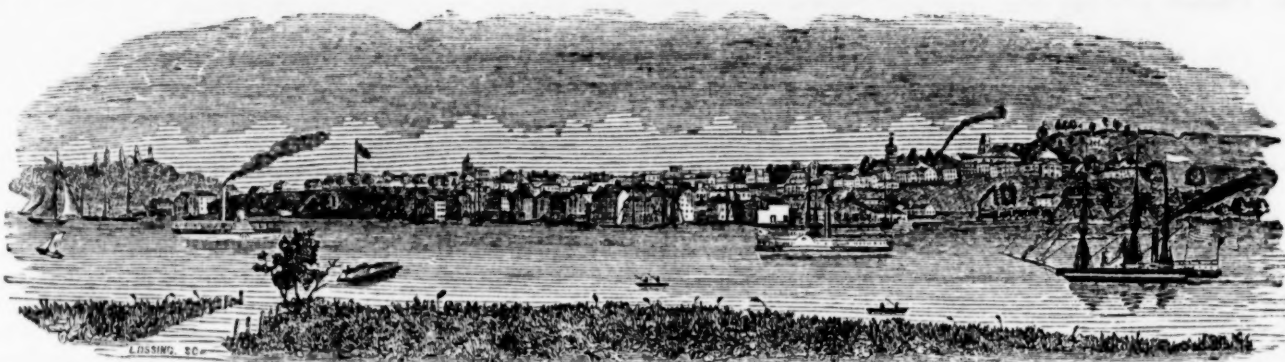


RURAL REPOSITORY.



ONE DOLLAR A YEAR,

A Semi-monthly Journal, Embellished with Engravings.

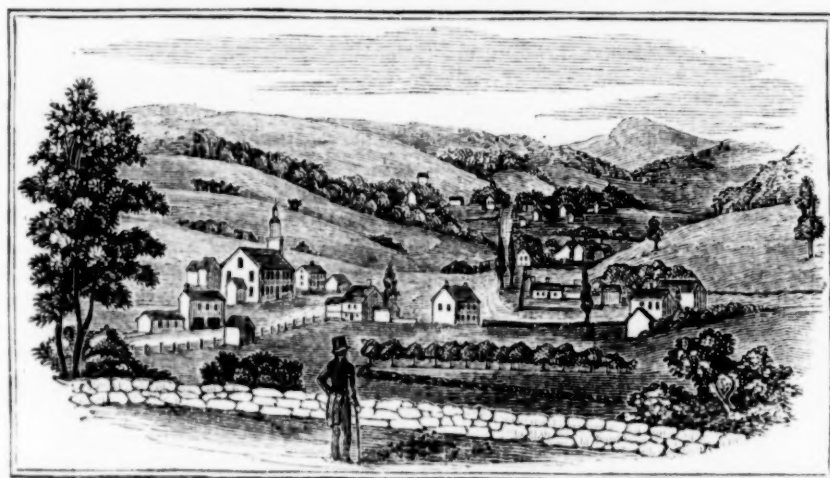
PAYABLE IN ADVANCE.

VOLUME XXI.

HUDSON, N. Y. SATURDAY, AUGUST 16, 1845.

NUMBER 26.

SOUTHERN VIEW OF CONWAY, MASS.



This town was incorporated in 1767. The first minister of the place was Rev. John Emerson, who settled here in 1769. At this time the town contained but 400 or 500 inhabitants. Mr. Emerson afterwards shrewdly remarked, that when he came "it was literally John preaching in the wilderness." He lived to see a population of about 2000 souls. Mr. Emerson was eminently a prayerful and devoted minister of the gospel. "For several of his last years he had an impediment in his speech; it was, however, scarcely perceptible in his devotional exercises, showing it was more natural for him to pray than to converse." Rev. Edward Hitchcock was settled as colleague with Mr. Emerson in 1821. Mr. Emerson died in 1826, aged 80. Mr. Hitchcock was succeeded by Rev. Daniel Crosby, in 1827.

The above is a southern view of the central part of Conway, as it appears from the road passing over the elevated ground south from the village. The village, which consists of about thirty dwelling-houses and other buildings, lies principally in a narrow valley between two elevated hills, the one westward called Beal's Hill, the one eastward Billings' Hill. South river, a mill-stream, passing into Deerfield river, divides the village into two parts. There are two churches in the village, one a Congregational the other a Baptist church. The Congregational church is seen in the engraving in the southern part of the village. The Baptist church is without a spire, and stands in the northern part, on

elevated ground. Distance 7 miles S. W. from Greenfield, and 100 from Boston. Population, 1,445.

In 1837, there was one cotton mill, 924 spindles; cotton consumed, 10,045 lbs.; cotton goods manufactured, 151,140 yards, valued at \$16,625; males employed, 8; females, 20; capital invested, \$10,000. One woollen mill, which manufactured 3,500 yards of cloth, which employed 18 hands. There were in the town 2,415 merino sheep; other kinds of sheep, 2,415; merino wool produced, 7,245 lbs.; other kinds of wool, 7,245; average weight of fleece, 3 lbs.; value of wool, \$5,071; capital invested, \$7,245.

TALES.

TRY AGAIN.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

"HAVE you finished your lesson, George?" said Mr. Prentiss to a lad in his fourteenth year, who had laid aside his book, and was busily engaged in the manufacture of a large paper kite.

"No sir," replied George hanging his head.

"Why not my son?"

"Because it is so difficult, I am sure, father, that I shall never learn to read Latin."

"And why not, George?"

"Because—because I can't."

"Can't learn, George?"

"Indeed, father, I have tried my best," the boy replied earnestly, the tears at the same time starting

to his eyes. "But it is no use. Other boys can get their lessons without any trouble, but I try and try, but it is no use."

"You must try again my son."

"But it is no use father. I can't learn."

"I can't, is a word no boy should ever utter in reference to learning. You can learn any thing you please George, if you only persevere."

"Not Latin father."

"Yes, Latin."

"But haven't I tried, father?"

"Yes, but you must try again."

"And so I have father."

"Well, try again and again."

"But I can't remember the lesson after I have learned it, my memory is so bad," urged the lad.

"If I were to promise you a holiday on the thirtieth of the month after next, do you think that you would forget it?"

"No, I—sure that I would not."

"And why?"

"I can't exactly tell the reason, but I know I should remember it."

"Well, I can tell you George. The pleasure you would take in the idea of having a holiday, would keep the date of it fresh in your memory. Now if you love to take the same delight in learning that you do in playing, you would find no difficulty. You play marbles well, I believe?"

"Oh, yes. I can beat every boy at school."

"Few are more skilful at making and flying kites, I believe?"

"No. My kites always fly best."

"You skate well, too?"

"Yes, I can cut every figure, from one to nine, and form every letter in the alphabet."

"And are you very fond of skating and flying your kite, and playing at ball and marbles, &c.?"

"Yes, father, too fond I believe, for a boy of my age."

"And yet you cannot learn your Latin lesson. My dear boy you are deceiving yourself. You can learn as well as any one; only try."

"But have I not tried, father?" urged George.

"Well, try again. Come, lay aside your kite for this afternoon, and make another effort to get your lesson. And to inspire you a little I will tell you a true story. One of the dullest boys at a village school, some thirty years ago, came up to repeat his lesson one morning, and as usual, was deficient. 'Go to your seat you stupid blockhead!' said the

teacher, dealing him a severe blow along side of the head. "You will never be fit for anything but a scavenger. I wonder what they send you here for, any how."

The poor dispirited boy stole off to his seat, and bent his eyes again towards his lesson.

"It is no use. I cannot learn," he said in a whisper to a companion who sat near him.

"You must try hard," said his sympathizing friend.

"I have tried and it is no use. I might just as well give up at once."

"Try again Henry," whispered his companion encouragingly.

These two little words, uttered so earnestly gave him another impulse, and he bent his mind with a new effort to his task. That task was the simple memorizing of a grammar lesson—not difficult by any means. The concentration of his mind upon the subject before him was more earnest and fixed than usual; gradually he began to find the sentences lingering in his memory, and soon to his surprise and pleasure, the whole lesson was as vividly apparent to his mental as his bodily eyes. With a livelier motion and a more confident manner than he had ever before exhibited in going up to say a lesson, did he rise from his seat and proceed to the teacher's desk.

"What do you want?" asked that individual harshly.

"To say my lesson."

"Go off to your seat, sir. Didn't you try half an hour ago?"

"But I can say it now, sir," timidly urged the boy.

"Go on, then, and if you miss a sentence I will flog you within an inch of your life."

Henry then proceeded, and said the whole lesson rapidly, and without missing a word. The master cast him a look of surprise as he handed him back his book, but said nothing. As Henry walked back to his seat his step was lighter, for his heart beat with a new impulse.

"Did you say it?" whispered his friend earnestly.

"Every word," replied the boy proudly.

"Then you can learn."

"Yes, but it is hard work."

"But there is nothing like trying."

"No, and from this hour," Henry replied, with the energy of confidence, "I will never say I can't."

"From that day forth," continued Mr. Prentiss, "there was no boy in school who learned more rapidly than did Henry. It requires thought and application, but these he gave in the just proportion that success required, and success crowned his efforts."

"Did he always continue thus to learn?" asked George, looking up earnestly into his father's face.

"From that day up to this time George, he has been a student, and now urges you, in your despondency to 'try again' as he tried."

"And was it indeed you, father?" George asked, eagerly looking up into the face of his kind adviser.

"Yes, my child. That dull boy was your own father in his early years."

"Then I will try again," George said in a decided tone, and flinging aside his half made kite he turned and re-entered the house, and was soon bending in earnest attention over his Latin grammar.

"Well, what success, George?" asked Mr. Prentiss as the family gathered round the tea-table.

"I've got the lesson, sir," the boy replied with a satisfied air.

"Perfectly?"

"I can say every word of it, sir."

"You found it pretty hard work, I suppose?"

"Not so very hard after I had once made up my mind that I *would* learn it. Indeed, I never stopped to think, as I usually do, about its being difficult or tiresome, but went right on until I had mastered every sentence."

"May you never forget this lesson, my son."

Mr. Prentiss said feelingly. You possess now the secret of success. It lies in your never stopping to think about a task being difficult or tiresome, but in going on steadily in the performance of it, with a fixed determination to succeed. Notwithstanding your despondency and a doubt of your capacity to learn the lesson that had been assigned you, you have within an hour mastered a task that you despaired of accomplishing at all. Never again, my boy, utter the words *I can't*."

The success that had crowned his own determined efforts—united with the impulse that the simple reference of his father to his own early difficulties, gave to his mind, was sufficient to make George a rapid learner from that day. He gradually became interested in his studies, and this interest was in itself a new capacity for acquirement. When he left college at the age of eighteen, he bore with him the highest honors of the institution. He now entered the store of a merchant to prepare for a business life. At first his new occupation was by no means pleasant. The change from books and studies to busy life and the dull details of trade as he called them, was for a time exceedingly irksome.

"I will never make a merchant I fear," he said to his father one evening when he felt unusually wearied with his occupation and dispirited.

"And why not?" asked Mr. Prentiss.

"I have no taste for it," the young man replied.

"Is it not honest?"

"Certainly."

"And are you not convinced that it is necessary for you to follow some occupation, energetically?"

"O yes."

"I gave you a choice of the professions, but you preferred you said, a mercantile life."

"Yes; and still when I reflect on the subject my preference is for a mercantile life over the others."

"Then George, compel yourself to be interested in your new pursuit."

"I have tried, father."

"Then try again."

These words, uttered with a peculiar emphasis, thrilled through the mind of George Prentiss. The past rose up before him with its difficulties and its triumphs.—Springing suddenly to his feet, he said with emphasis.

"I will try again."

"And you will succeed."

"Yes, I feel that I shall."

And he did succeed in obtaining a thorough practical knowledge of business; for he applied himself with patient determination, and soon became interested in his new pursuits.

At the age of twenty-five he entered into business for himself, with a small capital furnished him by his father, as his portion. Little beyond this could he expect, as several younger brothers came in for a share of their father's property. It became necessary, therefore, to invest it, with care and prudence. The house in which he had been employed was engaged in the West India trade, and his familiarity with this trade of business was more intimate than with any other, he determined to turn his little capital in that direction. Accord-

ingly after renting a store on one of the principal wharfs, he proceeded to freight a vessel with all the prudence that an intimate knowledge of the West India markets afforded him. But alas! two days before his vessel arrived the market had been over-stocked by shipments from New-York, and a large loss, instead of the anticipated profits was the result.

For some days after this disheartening news reached him, he gave way to desponding thoughts. But soon he bent his mind to a new adventure. In this he was more successful, but as the investment had been small, the profit was inconsiderable. His next shipment was large, involving at least two thirds of his capital. The policy of Insurance safely in his fire-closet, our young merchant deemed himself at least secure against total loss. But even the best laid schemes of success or security often fail. Two months from the day on which the vessel sailed, news arrived that she had been wrecked and the whole cargo lost. Nor was this all, some informality or neglect of the captain vitiated the insurance, and the underwriters refused to pay. A suit was commenced against them which occupied from six to eight months before a decision could be obtained.

Nearly a twelve month from the day his last most unfortunate adventure was made, George Prentiss sat musing in his counting room, his mind busy with many unpleasant thoughts. He had done little or no business since the news of his loss had reached him, for he had but a remnant of his capital to work upon, and no heart to risk that. He was "holding off," as they say, until some decision was made in the suit pending with the underwriters. While he thus sat musing, a letter from his agent in New-York, where the insurance had been effected, was handed to him. He tore it open eagerly. The first brief sentence, "We have lost our suit!" almost unmanned him.

"Ruined!—ruined!" he mentally ejaculated, throwing the letter on his desk as he finished reading it. "What shall I do?"

"Try again," a voice seemed to whisper in his ear.

He started and looked around.

"Try again," and this time he perceived that the voice was within him. For a moment he paused, many thoughts passed rapidly through his mind.

"I will try again," he exclaimed, starting to his feet.

And he did try. This time he examined the condition of the markets with the most careful scrutiny. Ascertained the amount of shipments within the preceding four months from all the principal Atlantic cities, and then by the aid of his correspondents, learned the expeditions that were getting up, and the articles and quantities of each, composing the cargoes. Knowing the monthly consumption of the various foreign products at the port to which he proposed making a shipment, he was satisfied that a cargo of flour if run in immediately, would pay a handsome profit. And he at once chartered a vessel, the captain of which he knew could be depended on for strict obedience to instructions, and freighted her with flour. The vessel sailed, and the young merchant waited with almost trembling expectation the news of her arrival out. He had ventured his all, and the result must be success or the utter prostration of his hopes.

In anxious expectation he waited week after week, until every day seemed to him prolonged to double its number of hours. At last a letter came

from his consignee. He almost trembled as he broke the seal.

"Your flour has arrived at the very best time," it commenced. For a few moments he could read no farther. He was compelled to pause lest the emotion he felt should be betrayed to those around him. Then he read the whole letter calmly through. It stated that the supply was nearly exhausted when his cargo arrived, which had been promptly sold at three dollars a barrel above the last quotations.

"I shall clear three thousand dollars by my last shipment," he said to his father who entered the counting-room at the moment.

"Indeed! Well, I am very glad to hear you say so George. I hope after this you will be a little more successful.

"I feel that I shall; but I had nearly given up in despair," the son remarked.

"But you thought you would try again," the old gentleman remarked smiling.

"Exactly."

"That was right, George. Never despair. Let 'try again' be your motto at all times, and success must ultimately crown your efforts."

His father was right. George Prentiss is now one of the most wealthy merchants in the city of —. He is somewhat advanced in years, and is accounted by some a little eccentric. One evidence of his eccentricity is the fact that just over the range of his desk in his counting room is painted in large letters the words, "TRY AGAIN."

MISCELLANY.

POOR POWDER.

THE following rich anecdote, contributed by a chap who subscribes himself "Seth Stocking, Jr." to the N. Y. Spirit, will do to match with the Rifle Shooting story we published a few months ago:—

A Hoozier walked into a country store on the bank of the Ohio River, and asking the owner if he had any good powder, he was answered in the affirmative. "Is it first rate?" "First rate, sir," was the reply. "I will take a quarter of it to try." He got his powder, stepped out of the store, loaded his rifle looked around to find an object to shoot at when the store-keeper pointed to the opposite side of the river, (which was about 300 yards wide) where there was a goose picking grass. "There," says he, "shoot that goose!" The Hoozier levelled his rifle, fired and over tumbled the goose. A boy jumped into a boat and soon brought the goose across the river. The ball had passed through its head. The Hoozier shook his head, walked into the store, threw his powder down, and demanded his money back, grumbling "you sold me this powder for first rate, and it ain't worth a d—!" "How so?" inquired the store-keeper, "you have certainly made an excellent shot"—pointing to the goose's head. "That be — for a shot! If the powder had been good, I should have shot it through the eye! Don't you see that the ball is full a quarter of an inch below it?" The store-keeper at once returned him his money.

"AS YOU WERE."

DURING the late war with Great Britain, a dashing belle, who is now a good wife, and affectionate mother, found her progress arrested, as she passed down Court street, by a flood which prevented her passage to the opposite walk. She paused and considered her situation, and anxiously looked to-

ward the desired haven, when an honest tar, with a canvass hat and blue ribbon, inscribed "U. S. Frigate Constitution," bore up and reconnoitered her position. Without any apology and land lubberly ceremony he encircled her waist with his muscular arm, and wading knee deep through the water, landed the lady on the opposite shore. More vexed than grateful our belle curled her pretty lips, and said, "You are a very impudent fellow, sir." "Delay that, my dear," said Jack. "By the powers I'll make all fast again," Suiting the action to the word, he lifted her the second time, and re-fording the stream placed her where he first found her observing with a good natured laugh, "And you love your moorings so well, hearty, smoke my binnacle but you may lay at anchor there to eternity." The above is a true bill. The lady has grown wiser and less sensitive since this lecture on squeamishness was read to her; and she frequently amused her friends by relating the anecdote.

EFFECTS OF OPPOSITION.

"SOLITAIRE," a queer sort of correspondent of the Reveille, tells a story of rival shoemakers, Smith and Jones, who carried competition to such extremes, that one day the former would carry the popular tide of the town with him, and the next the latter would have it all on his side. Thus went things for some time, when Smith had a boot constructed, placed upon a post in front of his door, and with a sample of his manufacture in each hand, he mounted into it, and to exhibit to the passers-by a spectacle of indomitable energy and perseverance. This was too much for Jones, and he was heard to exclaim—"I'll do it!" He at once cut a capacious pair of boots, set his workmen at them, had them finished, sent every living soul away from his shop at early candle-light, closed it up, and all remained a mystery for the remainder of the night. Morning broke, astonishment and horror!—terrible!—Jones triumphant in death! He had drawn on the immense boots, fastened them by suspenders across his shoulders, and then suspended himself from a flag-staff right over his pavement! Beneath him fluttered a postscript attached to the boots; its substance was—"has Smith the sole to imitate this?" *Smith hadn't.*

A PARSON REBUKED.

AN avaricious divine, seeing a poor boy in a deplorable condition, called him to the door; and, giving him a mouldy piece of bread, asked him if he could read, to which he answered in the negative; to the question whether he could say the Belief and the Lord's Prayer, the answer was the same. "Well," said the divine, "I will teach you that; say after me, our Father," said the instructor. "Our Father!" repeated the poor boy, "what yours as well as mine?" "Yes, certainly." "Then we are certainly brothers! Why, then," replied the boy, pulling the crust from under his coat, "how could you give your poor brother this mouldy piece of bread?"

Rural Repository.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 16, 1845.

TO OUR PATRONS.

THE present number of our paper closes the twenty-first volume; and we venture to say that there is not a paper of its kind, now in existence in the United States that has been published as many years as the REPOSITORY. Twenty-one years! it is a long time indeed, and it seems scarcely possible, as we

look back upon the past, that so many years have passed since the establishment of our humble and unpretending sheet. We feel a degree of pleasure, yet mingled with sadness, as memory carries us back through the past years of our life. Great changes have taken place—the faces with which we were familiar twenty-one years ago, are now shrouded from sight by the "clouds of the valley;" the voices to which we have often listened, are hushed in the silence of death, and kind friends with whom it was our wont to hold communion, have, one by one, fallen by the ruthless hand of the "King of terrors," and are now pilgrims to that "bourne from which no traveler ever returns." Pleasant associations have been formed, and bands of friendship been broken forever; the hearts of many have been made glad, while others have been weighed down with sorrow; bright anticipations by some have been realized, and by others the fondest of hopes have been crushed and blasted. Many are now suffering under the infliction of just and merited punishments, for crimes committed, who were once the pride of the circle in which they moved, and an honor to the society of which they formed a part, while others are rejoicing at their wonderful delivery from the very jaws of ignominy and death, who have been rescued from the depths of degradation. In fact every thing seems to have undergone a change, but amid all these changes our numerous list of patrons have enabled us to present our RURAL offering still to the public, which we have endeavored to make a REPOSITORY of entertaining and useful reading which while it diverts and amuses the senses, enlightens and instructs the mind.

On the 13th of next month, we shall issue the first number of our next volume, and we hope that our subscribers will feel sufficiently interested in our continued endeavors to please them, as to forward us their names with as many of their friends and neighbors as they can induce to subscribe for the ensuing year.

The Repository has been too long before the public to require any information as to its general character, and the thousands of flattering testimonials which we have received from the press in every quarter of the Union, together with the immense circulation which it now enjoys is, we think sufficient evidence of its popularity and high standing.

Thankful for favors heretofore received, and hoping for a continuance of the same in future, in behalf of the twenty-second volume, we bid our patrons *Adieu*.

Letters Containing Remittances,

Received at this Office, ending Wednesday last, deducting the amount of postage paid.

J. N. P. Montgomery, Ala. \$1.00; G. O. H. New Berlin, N. Y. \$0.75; H. R. Macedon, N. Y. \$3.00; J. E. Shelby, N. Y. \$1.00; M. W. Hyde Settlement, N. Y. \$1.00; L. S. Monticello, N. Y. \$1.00; G. O. H. Clintonville, N. Y. \$1.00; S. C. Plymouth, N. Y. \$1.00; B. S. Van Deusenville, N. Y. \$1.00; S. B. M. Hancock, Ms. \$1.00; D. S. K. Tomhannock, N. Y. \$1.00.



BOUND
In Hymen's silken bands.

In this city, on the 22d ult. by the Rev. Leroy Church, Mr. James A. Campbell, to Miss Delia A. Traver, all of this city. On the 23d ult. by the Rev. E. Crawford, Richard Thorne, of this city, to Sophia Gripean, of Athens.

In Athens, on the 13th ult. by Rev. H. L. Grose, Mr. Philo G. Everts, to Miss Jane P. Seward, both of Athens.

At Canaan, on the 3d inst. by the Rev. S. Hatch, Mr. W. Alvord, to Miss Emily Chapman, all of Canaan.

In New York, on the 7th inst. by the Rev. Doct. Livings, Mr. Daniel Alger, to Miss Delia C. only daughter of Wm. Gaul, Esq. all of the above city.

In Hancock Vt. on the 2d inst. by Lerah Barnes Esq. Andrew J. Church, of Albany, N. Y. to Miss Amanda T. Casady of the former place.



LOOSED
From the fetters of Earth.

In this city, on the 29th ult. Francis S. son of John and Ellen Alger, aged 1 year and 6 months.

On the 14th inst. Mrs. Anna Allen, aged 81 years and 6 mo.

On the 4th inst. George F. son of Herman Miller, aged 9 months.

On the 6th inst. George Frederick, son of Wheeler H. and Nancy Marin Clarke, aged 1 year and 6 months.

On the 6th inst. Catherine, daughter of Josiah and Jane Sutherland, aged 1 year, and 10 months.

On the 10th inst. Richard Dorance Storms, in his 22d year.

At Copake, on the 31st ult. at the residence of Rowland Sweet, Margaretta Allene, eldest daughter of Allen S. and Angelica S. Sweet, aged 9 years, 10 months and 9 days.

At Ghent, on the 4th inst. Charles J. son of Charles and Elizabeth Coffin, aged 6 years, 5 months and 13 days.

At Ghent, on the 5th inst. Mrs. Margaret, wife of Wm. Teal, aged 60 years.

In Taghkanick, on the 29th ult. Henry Sheldon, aged 19 years.

Also on the 31st ult. Miss Hannah Coons, aged 21 years, of Consumption.

In Livingston, July 19th, in the 41st year of her age, Mrs. Elizabeth, wife of Mr. Thomas Best, and daughter of Mr. Peter I. Rossman, of Churchtown.



Original Poetry.

For the Rural Repository.

IMPROMPTU, TO MISS L.*****.

BY E. W. REYNOLDS.

FAIR type of perfection!
O may thy pure heart
From earth's woes and vices
Forever depart!
For pure as the morning
When sunshine doth gleam,
Is thine own pure spirit—
Unspotted I ween!

A beam of thy goodness
Dispels all my woe,
And rears up contentment
To smile as I go!
May Heaven's choice blessings
On thy head descend,
And love, worth and beauty
In Paradise blend!

While Fame fires my bosom,
And Love inspires thine,
For my sake, oh! cherish
Each labor-wrought line!
Thine eye of approval
The muse shall inspire,
And wake from fell ruin
Ambition's desire!

Thy words, fraught with wisdom,
Shall dwell in my soul,
Though oceans and distance
Between us may roll.
The storm and the tempest
May dance on the wave,
Yet woes and deep sorrows
My spirit shall brave!

When life shall have ended,
And strife is no more,
Thy spirit shall hasten
To Heaven's bright shore,
Where angels in glory,
The Seraphim wake,
And ransom-bought millions
One family make.

Cuba, Allegany Co. N. Y. 1845.

For the Rural Repository.

TO ELLEN.

In yonder valley waves a grove,
Devoted to the rites of Love;
And often thro' that grove I stray,
As evening weeps o'er dying day;
And musing on thy deep, blue eyes,
I musing blush, and blushing sigh;
For such a liquid, laughing een,
Is often sought, but seldom seen.

Last evening as I wandered through,
That lovely grove, just kissed with dew,
I sought an arbor built with care,
And decked with flowers, rich and rare;
In this fair arbor I reclined,
To taste the balmy, whispering wind,
Which drank the odor of each flower,
That graced this soul enchanting bower.

In joyous thought, reclining there,
I plucked a rose, so purely fair,
So chaste, and of so rare a kind,
It seemed the index of thy mind;
A violet too of softest blue,
Which at my feet in beauty grew,
I also plucked, a charming prize!
For it bespoke fair Ellen's eyes.

J. G. W.

Montgomery, Alabama, 1845.

For the Rural Repository.

IOWA.

My mind is disquiet, though glad the unrest,
Am longing to leave these pine-crested hills,
And wander away to the lovely bright west
Where Eden its beauties o'er the prairie distills.

Where the notes of the songsters are native and free,
As they caroling rise on morning's sweet wings,
And far as the eye can e'er way see
Nature spreads her loveliest things.

There the prairie unfolds her rosy decked breast
Studded all o'er with sweet woolly isles,
And Flora in beautiful robes stands drest,
Looks wooingly up and smiles.

Remain ye who will, I care not to stay
'Mong mountains and hills where are scarce any plains,
My spirit is sighing for the loved Iowa
Where Flora spreads out her richest domain.

There my lyre shall be strung to sing of her praise
As I range her prairies in mid summer's bloom—
On her bosom I'll spend the rest of my days,
In her bosom I'll find me a bright rosy tomb.

Bolivar, N. Y. 1845.

E. C. POOL.

For the Rural Repository.

THE FLY AND OX.—A FABLE.

(Translated from the Latin)

BY ARTHUR DE VERE.

A BUZZING fly, a vain conceited wight,
To rest did on an ox's horn alight;
Awhile, complacent, he his form surveyed,
(So giant like! and wonderfully made!)
And thus, with pompous words the ox addressed,
"My friend, if by my weight you feel oppressed
I'll fly away, 'tis all the same to me;"
The ox replied, (though somewhat scornfully,)
"O foolish fly; I knew not you were there,
And whether you go or stay I do not care."

Cassville, N. Y. 1845.

For the Rural Repository.

SONNET.

Written on the banks of the Deerfield.

BY MISS C. W. BARBER.

THERE was a time when Indian maids
Looked with their dark eyes from these glades;
The wigwam rose where yonder pine
Is circled by the dark green vine;
The hunter in his bark canoe
Dashed boldly o'er these waters blue,
And here proud chiefs were laid to rest
Beside the river's dimpled breast—
O! tread not here with careless foot
For forest flower, and twisting root
Are not alone within this mould—
I almost see old warriors hold,
Start up with feather and painted face
And shout for vengeance on our race.

Charlmont, Mass. 1845.

AFFECTION.

BY REV. H. G. BARRIS.

WHAT comfort 'tis to have a friend
To cheer us on our way;
To hold the aching head of pain;
And drive our cares away.

One, who will watch us when we're sick,
And sooth us in distress;
One who will ever manifest
A willingness to bless;

And if she sees us mourn a loss—
A relative deplore—
Will whisper with a soothing voice,
"My brother, weep no more;

"Dry up that tear of heart-felt grief,
No longer sad remain;
These darksome clouds will soon pass off,
'Twill all be bright again."

O, happy he who has a friend,
As good, as kind as this;

A foretaste 'tis of heavenly love,
A world of heavenly bliss.

This be the happy lot of those
Who chance these lines to read;
In sorrow, sickness, want and woe,
We need a friend indeed.

Binding.

Subscribers who wish any volumes of the Repository bound, will probably find it to their advantage to send them to the publisher to have them done, and if a few numbers are missing they will be supplied, by so doing *gratis*. They can also, in a great many instances be exchanged immediately for bound ones, and save the inconvenience of waiting or sending for them.

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The character and design of the Rural Repository being so generally known, it would seem almost superfluous to offer any thing further; but, we are induced to submit to the public two paragraphs containing condensed extracts from notices of the "Repository," published in various Journals, throughout the United States, in the room of praising ourselves as some are under the necessity of doing.

"The 'Rural Repository' is a neat and elegant semi-monthly Periodical, published in the City of Hudson, Columbia Co. N. Y. and which we believe is the oldest literary paper in the United States; and while it has made no very great pretensions to public favor, it is far better than those publications who boast long and loud of their claims to public patronage. Amid the fluctuations of the world, and the ups and downs of the periodical press, for nearly a score of years this little miscellany has pursued 'the even tenor of its way,' scattering its sweets around, and increasing in interest and popularity, and our readers will, of course, infer, that if it had no merit it would have shuffled off this mortal coil 'long time ago.'

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WILLIAM B. STODDARD.

Hudson, Columbia Co. N. Y. 1845.

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